

JERUSALEM AND THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN (Illustrated).
PHOTOGRAPHS OF PARTIAL STERILIZATION. By Dr. E. J. Russell.

COUNTRY LIFE

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OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF AGRICULTURE

WITH every wish to help and support the Development Commissioners, it is impossible to congratulate them on the Seventh Report which has just been issued. At a time like this the Commission might be of the very highest service to the country, but it is difficult to believe that the expenditure they incur is producing an adequate return. The new steps they have taken do not challenge criticism on their merits. They are an advance of £125,000 to buy an estate for sugar beet growing, and another of £50,000 for improving the fish supply by installing motors in English and Welsh fishing boats. Considering what there is to do before the war is ended, the sugar beet enterprise might very well have been allowed to wait. We are in hearty agreement with developing the cultivation of sugar beet as an industry in this country. It is a thousand pities it had not been commenced before the opening of hostilities. In that case the sugar position would not have arisen in its present acute form. Situated as we are, the manufacture

of sugar, provided the beet had been grown, would have gone on without interruption. It has been continued to some extent even in France and Belgium, though one has only to read the papers or pay an occasional visit to the Continent to see how often the sugar factory has become a *place d'armes* for the belligerents, and many of these factories are now lying in ruins. But, practically speaking, there is little use in laying out money on an estate to cultivate it experimentally in England at the present moment. It would take three years of cultivation at least to bring English land into the condition requisite for growing beet to advantage, and, little as we are given to optimism, we venture to hope that the war will be ended and the stringency of the sugar position relieved before the end of that period.

Installing motors in English and Welsh fishing boats seems also to be a laudable but untimely expenditure of money. The encouragement of research at various colleges and universities is also a very praiseworthy activity, as is that of encouraging the growth of flax in this country and the encouragement of forestry. Very few people will be found to complain of what the Development Fund has done, but great numbers will feel inclined to point out what it might have accomplished. Some of the entries are difficult to understand. Under the heading of "Reclamation and Drainage of Land" we learn that the Commissioners advanced the money for an engineer's report in regard to improving the drainage of the Upper Ouse Valley, which is all well and good. In July, 1916, they recommended a grant of £600 to the Reclamation Society, one half being for the expenses of the Society for the year 1916-17, and the other for a survey and engineer's report as a preliminary to the reclamation of a tract of land in Cardiganshire. We do not know exactly why the Land Reclamation Society should be subventioned, since similar societies on the Continent are in the habit of making very considerable annual incomes; and, at any rate, a distinct statement should have been made as to what return the country had had for the outlay.

These are minor points. What struck us as most singular was the entire omission of the most successful piece of development done under the auspices of the Development Fund, namely, the reclamation at Methwold. The accounts for this enterprise are sent at stated intervals to the office in Dean's Yard, and that very large section of the public which is watching an experiment of the very greatest interest and value have a right to expect a clear account of the proceedings and a lucid statement of the accounts, with a balance sheet. Why these have been withheld it is difficult to imagine. But the Seventh Report of the Development Commissioners does not contain a single reference to the most interesting development that has been undertaken by that body. The sum allotted to reclamation and drainage figures in a "statement showing the sum total of advances recommended to the Treasury up to March 31st, 1917," as a grant of £6,565 and a loan of £4,000. But on page 11, under the head of "Reclamation and Drainage of Land," there are only the two items to which reference has already been made—the grant for an enquiry into the drainage of the Upper Ouse, and a grant in aid of the work of the Reclamation Society, the total amounting to £850. We suggest that a full and exhaustive statement of the enterprises for which, according to the summary, £10,565 was expended in grant and loan would be of very great value.

It will be understood that this criticism is not intended in the slightest degree to be hostile to the Development Fund. On the contrary, it is written chiefly because the writer realises the immense potentialities connected with the office and sees how in these times it would be possible for the Fund to stimulate the reclamation of waste land and, generally speaking, the production of food on a larger scale. Many an experiment that would be costly in time of peace could be carried out just now without any expense at all, owing to the high price of agricultural products. There never was a more favourable occasion for carrying on the reclamation of the soil, and those who direct the policy of the Development Fund are much to blame if they are not planning how to take advantage of the position.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a new portrait of the Hon. Monica Grenfell, who is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



THE coming shortage of food, which is discussed this week under the title of "Preparations for the Food Emergency," is not applicable to Great Britain alone. It is a world phenomenon due to catastrophic events in the history of nations and to the ill luck of these being accompanied by disastrous farming weather. As a matter of fact, Great Britain stands in the most favourable position, as, alone among nations, we have been able to increase our food supply in war-time. But any feeling of self satisfaction on that score ought to be sternly set aside. It would be flattery to say that it arises, even in great part, from the pertinacity and enterprise of the race. The truth is that before the war we were not producing our fair share, but depending on foreign and colonial supplies, with the result that the resources of the land were not developed as they ought to have been. Consequently there was more room for making a spurt than there is in France, for example, which in pre-war days was self sufficing and self feeding. Therefore, although self congratulation is justified up to a certain point, it will be far wiser to concentrate our energies on securing a still further advance than to indulge in self satisfaction at what has already been accomplished.

WHAT the farmer should do has been set forth in terms which are very clear and definite. His immediate task is to provide a crop of second early potatoes to keep the country going between the exhaustion of the present supplies and the harvest of 1918. The allotment holder will do well to follow the same advice, but he should also be encouraged to grow vegetables that can be obtained early. To do that it will be necessary to tax both his resources and his ingenuity. It will not do to trust altogether to outdoor sowing. Glass must be utilised as far as possible. It may not be within his means to purchase or build greenhouses and hot-houses, or even to acquire a more or less expensive frame, but he can apply the principle of this in a little way. Anyone possessed of a box and a pane of glass can make a frame sufficient to get an early start with such vegetables as cauliflowers, beans, peas, onions, carrots, and others. A very large number of seedlings can be started on a small surface, and by carefully planting them out and bringing them on he may have his garden full of vegetables ready for the table several weeks earlier than would otherwise be the case. There has been a vast increase in the number of allotment holders during the past year, and the Ministry of Food is doing its utmost to increase the movement still further. As examples of development, they in their latest communiqué to the Press adduce Birmingham, where there are already 6,000 allotments and a prospect of more; in Surrey over 1,000 acres of additional allotments have been provided, and in Monmouthshire the number of allotments has increased eightyfold. These are all signs of a movement which deserves every possible encouragement. But the occupier of a little piece of ground should not confine himself wholly to vegetables. It is profitable to keep live-stock as well.

THE allotment holder wants his live rabbits in a box.

He could laugh at the butcher if he had a good breeding stock of them. Furthermore, the various pig clubs that have come into existence during the last year or two should be heartily supported, less with a view to bringing in money than as providing him with meat. In the case of nearly all the small stock kept by allotment holders, it is comparatively

easy to make a profit so long as the animals can be fed from the refuse of the crops. But if food has to be bought, the chances are a hundred to one against a profit being secured. Therefore it is best to encourage the keeping of only such animals as can be consumed in the family pot. To meet the increasing and severe dearth of milk, the cottagers ought to be encouraged to keep goats. Those who have the means could not do better than imitate Lady Jersey, who has initiated the plan of providing a couple of goats for the cottager and leaving him in possession of them as long as his treatment is kindly and skilful. She has power to withdraw them in case he fails in this respect. With plenty of goats' milk and a little oatmeal the children cannot go very far wrong in their food.

GENERAL ALLENBY'S campaign continues to be conducted in a land full of sacred and historic memories. Hebron to-day appears to be as alluring amid its vineyards and olive groves as it was when Abraham, Isaac and Jacob successively dwelt in it. Near it is the Cave of Machpelah, and it was here that Abraham "buried Sarah his wife in the Cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan." Hebron to-day is an industrial centre for people who make water-skins and glass for the trade with the Bedouins. These industries are of mediæval origin. The city was one of those destroyed by the Romans before the Christian Era, and it was captured by Saladin in 1187, names which revive memories of Richard Yea and Nay, and the Templars and the Crusaders, who made the long voyage to the East and fought for the emancipation of Syria in the twelfth century. Jerusalem itself was ever a difficult city to take, and the grey stony hills which overlook it from a distance of twelve miles are ideal situations for the guns of a modern army. But General Allenby, steadily and skilfully conducting an outflanking movement, has added his name to the historic list of conquerors of Jerusalem.

TO THE HORSE, A BEAST OF BURDEN.

When saw you the Virgin Mother
My patient brother?
You bore no burdens in the East,
Nor present to the marriage feast
My gentle brother.

When saw you the Virgin Mother
My steadfast brother?
Was it in a Western land
You felt the blessing of Her hand
My gracious brother
When straining at the ploughshare's yoke?
Gently She laid Her hand on you and spoke.
Thrice happy brother! ANNE F. BROWN.

LORD RHONDDA'S declaration that under war regulations the health of the country has vastly improved, borne out as it is by general experience, has set people thinking. War has had the extraordinary effect of reducing the civilian death-rate and of greatly increasing the birth-rate. Infant mortality is now lower than it has been since records first were kept. Elderly men who thought their time of rest had come have re-entered the arena and found new energy and a prolonged lease of life. The Food Controller attributes these results to a forced simplification of eating and drinking. At every point the gourmandising citizen finds himself up against restrictions. Possession of money no longer ensures for him the luxuries that he had come to believe necessities of life. At breakfast he cannot be certain of obtaining the customary rashers of bacon. Fats, including butter, are doled out to him. At lunch he has to do with a modest slice of meat with potatoes or other vegetables. Fancy sweets are knocked out by the limitations placed on flour and sugar.

SINCE Mr. Webster contributed the article on "Prices of Home-Grown Timber," printed in our issue of December 1st, the Government has issued a list of maximum prices, and it will be interesting to compare the difference between the latter and the market prices mentioned by Mr. Webster. The latter gave from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a foot for larch, but the maximum price is not to exceed 1s. 4d. per cubic foot. Scots pine is not to be priced at more than 11d., and spruce not more than 10d., the market prices having ranged between 8d. and 1s. 4d. in the former case, and 7d. and 1s. 4d. in the latter. Our contributor gave the prices of ash as from 1s. 6d. to 6s., but the price fixed for this tree refers to three different grades:

for aeroplane purposes 5s. per cubic foot may be charged; for other purposes 3s., and ash of inferior description not more than 1s. 6d. Oak was put at from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d., but the maximum fixed for well grown selected trees is 3s. 3d., and for inferior descriptions 1s. 3d. Sycamore was priced at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. In the official list it is classed with hornbeam, and a maximum of 2s. fixed. Beech ranged from 10d. to 1s. 4d., and a maximum of 1s. 6d. is fixed. Spanish chestnut was priced at from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d., and horse chestnut from 8d. to 1s. The maximum prices are fixed only for Spanish, 1s. for ordinary wood and 2s. for the wood of selected trees. In the official list, poplar, alder and lime are placed together at a maximum of 1s. 3d., this being only very slightly different from the market price. The maximum price of elm is fixed at 1s. per cubic foot, while the market price ranges between 10d. and 1s. 8d. It will be seen, then, that the charges are not excessive, and probably have been fixed for the purpose of controlling the extraordinary prices charged by those who did not thoroughly understand the market.

A GREAT deal of common-sense was brought to bear upon the Russian situation by Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, at the reception of the Russian Press. Sir George clearly interpreted the traditional policy of Great Britain when he said that there was no word of truth in the reports that we would send a punitive expedition in the event of the Leninists making a separate peace. At the same time he firmly refused to admit the validity of the plea that an agreement made with an autocratic government cannot have a binding force on a democracy. Supposing that democratic government in Russia were a *fait accompli*—which is not by any means certain—the new government would be bound in honour to take over the responsibilities of that which it had supplanted. The spirit of Great Britain is very well interpreted in the statement that while we repudiate this new doctrine, we do not desire to induce an unwilling ally to continue to contribute her share to the common effort by an appeal to our treaty rights.

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN then went on to show that the Entente Powers recognise that the peace should be democratic and should be a peace which accords with the wishes of smaller and weaker nationalities. He went on to say that the Council of the People's Commissaries make a mistake if they think they can secure this peace by asking for an immediate armistice to be followed by agreement. As things are turning out, he would have been perfectly justified in saying that they are putting their heads into a noose from which they will never be able to extract them. Even while Sir George Buchanan was speaking, Kaledin and Korniloff were rallying the Cossacks. A great many people in this country have heard that those who supported Korniloff in his early endeavours to restore order and discipline were making a great mistake—that Kerensky was the man of the hour. We have never swerved in our belief that the salvation of Russia must ultimately come from a soldier like Korniloff who is able to teach and enforce the value of discipline.

NO greater tribute was ever paid to a poet than that constituted by the reception which has been given to Sir Sidney Colvin's new *Life of Keats*, which is reviewed in another part of this issue. Burns, when dying, prophesied that he would be read more a hundred years afterwards than he had been during his lifetime. Keats had no such confidence or illusion. When he felt himself dying at Naples, he asked that any epitaph placed over his grave might be in the words: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." He died on February 23rd, 1821, and for thirty years afterwards he was so completely neglected that not a single edition of his poems was published. Yet so resurgent was his fame that he became the idol of those who loved poetry in the late nineteenth century, and has been marching on from glory to glory in the twentieth. This is the more surprising because the modern man as exemplified in our time is by no means addicted to making too much of a man when he is dead. It would be easy to count a score of men, great celebrities in their day and whose fame was thought to be immortal, who proved to be dead in every sense of the word almost before the funeral bell stopped ringing. But Keats has proved to be an illustrious exception, and, admirable as is the biography done by Sir Sidney Colvin, it is less to that than to a growing sense of the poet's merit that this is due. There is proof of that in the literary criticism of the past five and twenty years.

IN an interesting communication in to-day's issue Mr. A. M.

Pilliner subscribes to the doctrine we have preached here since the beginning of the war, namely, that the food supply of the country could be vastly increased by extensive reclamation of the waste lands. But our correspondent's case would have been more convincingly stated if he had referred to work of this kind which has already been accomplished or is in process. In the former category Methwold is the typical example, and in the latter the estates of the Prince of Wales in the Duchy of Cornwall. Mr. Pilliner bases his case largely on the assumption that German prisoners in this country are maintained in idleness, "eating their heads off," to use the expression commonly applied to horses not working. But we understand that every available prisoner is called for by the Food Production Department, and if they are not all on the land, the blame lies exclusively with the War Office, which makes certain stipulations about guarding and housing not always easy to comply with. There does not seem to be much real substance in the objections brought forward. At any rate, in France it was found possible at an early stage to distribute the prisoners in small batches and that a single guard was sufficient for several farms. It is true that the holdings are small and lie close together, but in Great Britain the allotment holders are practically in the same position as the small-holders in France.

THERE is no difficulty in finding any quantity of land that could be brought into immediate cultivation. The waste most easily dealt with is that which can be immediately ploughed and prepared, by methods that now are well known, for a crop next year. It has been urged upon the Government, but so far the reply made has been that excellent as are the plans for bringing hitherto unproductive land into cultivation, more will be gained by concentrating effort in the meantime on land which, though nominally under the plough, has been allowed to go back into a state of comparative infertility, and on fields which have been allowed to lapse into inferior grass. That was the excuse with which the advocacy of reclamation was met, and if valid in that case is much more so in regard to the other mentioned by Mr. Pilliner.

THE HOUSE-HUNTER.

(To his hundredth Estate Agent.)

"There is a shortage of a million houses."—*Daily Paper*.

Good morning, sir! What shocking weather!

I've called to ask if you . . .

No, no, don't think I've come to bletcher

Of houses, old or new!

You've nothing left, no doubt, at less than—say five hundred pounds?

"Family Mansion," "Billiard Room," "Extensive Pleasure Grounds?"

Quite so, sir, quite!—and I would *not* age

You ere your time, or grouse

Because you have no country cottage,

Or even smallish house;

"An influx of munitioners?"—"The air-raid refugees?"—

Of course! (I give the reasons, as you see, with practised ease.)

And so I only ask a barrage

From winter for my head

In some old barn or disused garage,

Some stable, loft or shed;

House-hunting hordes have overlooked, it may be, some such place?

Let it to me, I beg, of your omnipotence and grace!

What?—not a stable unconverted

To human use for miles?

My modest longings have diverted

You to the point of smiles?

Enough! I waste your time: accept, sir, all I have to give—

My humble, deep apologies for venturing to live.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

ONE would think that a Government that prides itself on enlisting the services of business men would be able to answer a very simple question. It is, What is the shortage of wheat in this country that has to be met in 1918? It is conceded on all sides and substantiated by returns that the world's wheat crop has undergone a severe diminution. It may readily be granted that, in a time of war and general dislocation, it is absolutely impossible to obtain correct returns. But supposing, for argument's sake, that Great

Britain was indeed a beleaguered city, those who ordered the defence would sit down at the very beginning and calculate with the nearest approach to nicety what were the stocks at their disposal and what were their resources for bridging the gap. Apparently, this has not been done. Lord Rhondda does not know what the decrease is which he will be required to make up. His idea of rationing is based not on supplies, but on what he seems to consider a fair allowance for the

individual. But in war conditions, this is not a sound course to follow. When a crew is shipwrecked, it does not matter what the eating capacity of the individual is, each must only have a fair share of what is available. Consequently, it appears to us that the first business of the Food Ministry and the Board of Agriculture is to work out the figures and show approximately at least, what the shortage of wheat is going to be next year.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FOOD EMERGENCY

WHAT is the emergency? Even the man in the street, the ordinary newspaper reader, has been impressed by the gravity with which all who know have recently spoken about the food question. It was very noticeable in Lord Rhondda's latest food speech. No responsible member of the Food Ministry, no member of the Cabinet, no Minister of the Crown is ignorant of it. There is no cause for secrecy, were secrecy possible, for the menace hangs over the whole world and is directed against no one country in particular. It arises from the fact that in the wheat production of the world there is a shortage this year approximately estimated at many million tons. A graver announcement could not be made. It means that if tonnage were as plentiful as before the war and no submarine or other destructive agency existed, there would still be a scarcity of bread amounting to famine during the two months before the harvest of 1918. Importation cannot make up the deficit. There is no corner to break, no stocks to import. Nor can the farmer hurry his cereal crops. We have to recognise that the world, perforce, must face this deficiency in the most important of human feeding-stuffs. The urgent and imperative business of the moment is to set about the production of substitutes.

SECOND-EARLY POTATOES.

It is not to cause panic that we state this so impressively. But if a danger has to be successfully met, the first thing is to realise its imminency and importance. Economy in the use of bread grows doubly necessary, but it will not be sufficient to carry us through. Cultivators must with all diligence set about increasing other kinds of produce. Potatoes must now as always be accepted, particularly by town dwellers, as the most convenient and acceptable substitute for the loaf. The problem is to get the produce in time and in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the town populations. In these days it may be assumed that every countryman has access to as much land as will suffice to yield enough for his needs and the needs of those dependent on him, but it is on the big grower that the country must depend for the main supply. And plainly varieties of the second-early class are most suitable. Last year our concern was to secure an abundant main crop, and this object was successfully achieved; this year it is most desirable that potatoes should be in the market by the beginning of July. Very early varieties are not to be recommended for that purpose. Certain districts advantageously situated will no doubt send the usual supplies, but the comparatively small and expensive young potatoes cannot be grown satisfactorily to supply the needs of industrial town populations. The greatest objection to them when the needs of a large population have to be met is that the yield is not abundant. At present, then, the immediate problem is to stimulate the farmers to prepare large crops of second-earlies.

REASONS FOR IMMEDIATE DECISION.

Great results are not to be expected unless preparations are made long beforehand. To secure good crops the seed potatoes should be sprouted; and the best growers like to have their chitting boxes filled in November. Sprouting is equally advantageous for securing earliness and abundance. Equally important is it to get on with tillage. Of the various factors which ensure successful production, the most important is to secure a fine tilth. This cannot be done in a week or even a month. It needs good drainage and liberal ploughing. No farm crop responds to thorough cultivation more satisfactorily than potatoes. How, then, can farmers be induced to set about the work at once?

Were a policy of *laissez-faire* adopted, no doubt a few of the shrewdest, weighing up the situation, would grasp the certainty that there will be a huge demand for early potatoes as soon as the bread shortage begins to be felt in earnest, and that this will occur at a time when stocks of old potatoes are exhausted. However great the present surplus may be, it is bound to disappear by Midsummer, 1918. Thus the small percentage of extra shrewd growers, given unrestricted prices, would lay their accounts to reap a golden harvest. But the result would not be to produce large quantities of potatoes that could be retailed at a price within the means of a town labourer.

A MAXIMUM AND A MINIMUM NEEDED.

In this way it is now possible to define the duty of the Cabinet—we say Cabinet because the question has outgrown the limits of merely Departmental importance. Two considerations have to be taken into account. First and paramount is the necessity of securing a great output of this most essential foodstuff. That is imperative if the war is to be carried on, and what is of still greater importance, if the spectre of want and hunger is to be laid. Hence a minimum price must be fixed sufficient to induce the farmers to plant a greatly increased area of early potatoes. Instead of a few individuals being allowed to make fortunes out of the needs of their countrymen, the bulk of farmers must be given the assurance of a price that will stimulate their enterprise and adequately, though not extravagantly, reward it. But it is of equal importance that the poor town consumer should be able to secure these potatoes at a price which is not oppressive. He cannot and will not expect to buy them on terms that would be adapted to a less serious occasion. The question is most difficult to handle. Farmers are not eager to grow potatoes as a business proposition. Many take short views, and because the exertions of 1916-17 led to the production of a surplus of more than two million tons they are shy of still further extending the acreage devoted to this crop. But the emergency is so great and pressing that this reluctance must be overcome. At any rate, no better method of meeting the threat of famine presents itself. They are proud of last year's work. Of all the countries of the world Great Britain alone managed to increase the production of food in the fourth year of war. This success is of good augury. If the war is to be won on the potato fields, Great Britain has scored the first success.

TO THE ALLOTMENT HOLDER.

Small-holders may fairly claim to have divided the honours. They did splendidly last year, and success should nerve them to new exertion. We have omitted them from consideration in the preceding remarks for a very simple reason. On the exertions of those who hold large quantities of land depends the feeding of the industrial population; the small-holder has done enough if he saves his household from needing to buy in the market and so strain the resources of the country. But to do this once more he must adopt the policy laid down for the farmers. Part of his land should be earmarked at once for the growing of second-early potatoes. If he has not done so already, he should at once begin to dig, and dig deeply, so that when March comes he may have a fine tilth to plant in. He should accumulate road sweepings and other manures that they may rot in a heap against the time for their application. Above all, he should obtain seed as early as he can and sprout it.

THE POSITION IN REGARD TO SEED POTATOES.

As far as we know, no definite arrangement has been made to supply the small-holder with seed potatoes. If

left to himself, no doubt he would use the surplus of his stock for seed or acquire it from his neighbour. The better plan would be to supply him with seed from Ireland or Scotland. He learned the value of it last year, and cheerfully paid the Government price of 14s. 6d. per cwt. But then seed from private sources was not to be had for love or money. It is different this year, when even small growers hold comparatively large stocks of potatoes and tubers for eating can be obtained for a few pence. In addition, the belief is widely held that Scotch and Irish potatoes do as well, if not better, the second year on English soil. Yet many of us know the very great importance of changing seed annually and also that disease made itself felt to a considerable extent, so that in all probability the home stock is tainted. These are considerations

to be kept in mind when the cost is fixed, as it no doubt will be, by the Food Ministry.

OTHER RESOURCES.

Potatoes are the best, but not the only substitute for wheat. Other vegetables can be brought on with ordinary care. The ideal plan would be that which we suggested a fortnight ago, viz., that individuals should specialise in plant nurseries so as to be able to supply the grower with seedling plants at a minimum of cost. In a number of districts this is done on a philanthropic basis, and the plants are given away. We are not much in favour of a proceeding into which enters anything with a suspicion of charity about it. A permanent arrangement must stand on a business footing.

JERUSALEM AND THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN

ITS PLACE IN THE WIDER PLAN.

["D.'s" article was written before Jerusalem fell, but as it deals with the interplay between the Eastern and Western strategy, its interest is not diminished by General Allenby's brilliant success. An illustrated article on the fall of Jerusalem will be found on page 586.

The illustrations in this article are from water-colour drawings by Lieutenant James McBey, the official artist in Palestine, and are reproduced by permission of the Government.—Ed.]

NO doubt it seems a far cry from Cambrai to Jerusalem. Nevertheless, there is between our operations round Cambrai and those in Palestine a relationship which, without being fanciful, may be called intimate. Because that relationship does not seem generally to have been grasped, the real significance of our

Syria. Those are precisely the points which our sea power enables us to attack with advantage. Successful attack at those points, joined to the revival of the Serbo-Greek understanding, is fatal to the ambition of a Greater Germany. Our grip in the Balkans and in Asia Minor rests upon this dual basis. That grip, tightened by the overthrow of Constantinople and by our advance in Mesopotamia and in Palestine, has had deep effects both at Sophia and at Constantinople.

To the wirepullers at Sophia the change in Greece has been gravely disturbing. Their promised reward—Macedonia and Salonica—is uncertain. They have better hopes of keeping the Dobrudja; but that is not enough, and even the Dobrudja is not assured.



GAZA : SEEN FROM AN OBSERVATION POST.

The Great Mosque is between the two trees on the high part of the town.

activities in each of these widely divided theatres of hostilities appears largely to have been missed.

The point from which we set out amid the surface complexity of the war does not much matter. Investigation always results in revealing unity. Let us begin with Palestine.

There are in connection with our operations in the Near East two facts of capital importance. For a long time their importance in defeating the scheme of a Greater Germany was not fully realised, though it was always seen that the future and security of the British Empire turns upon bringing that scheme to the ground, and once for all. Fact the first is the alliance between Greece and Serbia. We fatuously allowed Constantine to tear it up. By his dethronement we have revived it, and that, with the dethronement of Constantine, has been one of the deadliest blows the enemy has received in the course of the war. Fact the second is that the Turkish Empire is most vulnerable in Mesopotamia and

The case of the wirepullers at Constantinople is still worse. Mecca and Baghdad have gone. Bad as that is for the authority of the Padishah under the tutelage of Infidels—that it is a German variety of Infidelity does not signify—the loss of Jerusalem on the top of such disasters must injure Turkish prestige throughout the Near East beyond repair. Jerusalem is not a sacred city of the Moslems, but it is a sacred city of the Christians and of the Jews, and its possession since the days of the Crusades has been in part a symbol of the primacy of Islam over these rival faiths, but, most of all, the visible evidence of Turkish power. As a military position it is of no great moment, and its occupation is advisable chiefly for the purpose of covering the right flank of our advance. But politically, in view of the loss of Mecca and Baghdad, its importance to the Turks can hardly be overestimated. The Turk in his own Empire forms a dominant caste, alien to the ancient native population,



WATER TRANSPORT.

Water in fantasies is conveyed to the men in the trenches by the transport of Abraham's time.

detested because his rule is based upon a political vice which everywhere renders his rule a blight. The vice is that of denying common security to non-Mussulmans, and of making difference in religious belief the pretext for official plunder and corruption. Sooner or later this vice, the real root of the Eastern Question, was certain to bring his Empire down. In these circumstances the truth that the Turk has at length met more than his match cannot but be ominous. At Constantinople it is perceived to be ominous.

Under German tutelage, which has brought him to this instead of to the promised political fleshpots of Egypt, the Turk is not happy. And he is in a serious difficulty. If he concentrate against the attack in Syria, he weakens himself in Mesopotamia, and *vice versa*. If alternatively he divides his forces, he invites reverses at both points. Of the two he would rather lose Mesopotamia, but the views of his German masters are the other way about, and he has no choice save to fall in with them. Consequently, he has been



TEL EL JEMMI.

This strange mound is supposed to have been a stronghold of the Crusaders. A crust of broken pottery covers the whole top to a depth of several feet.

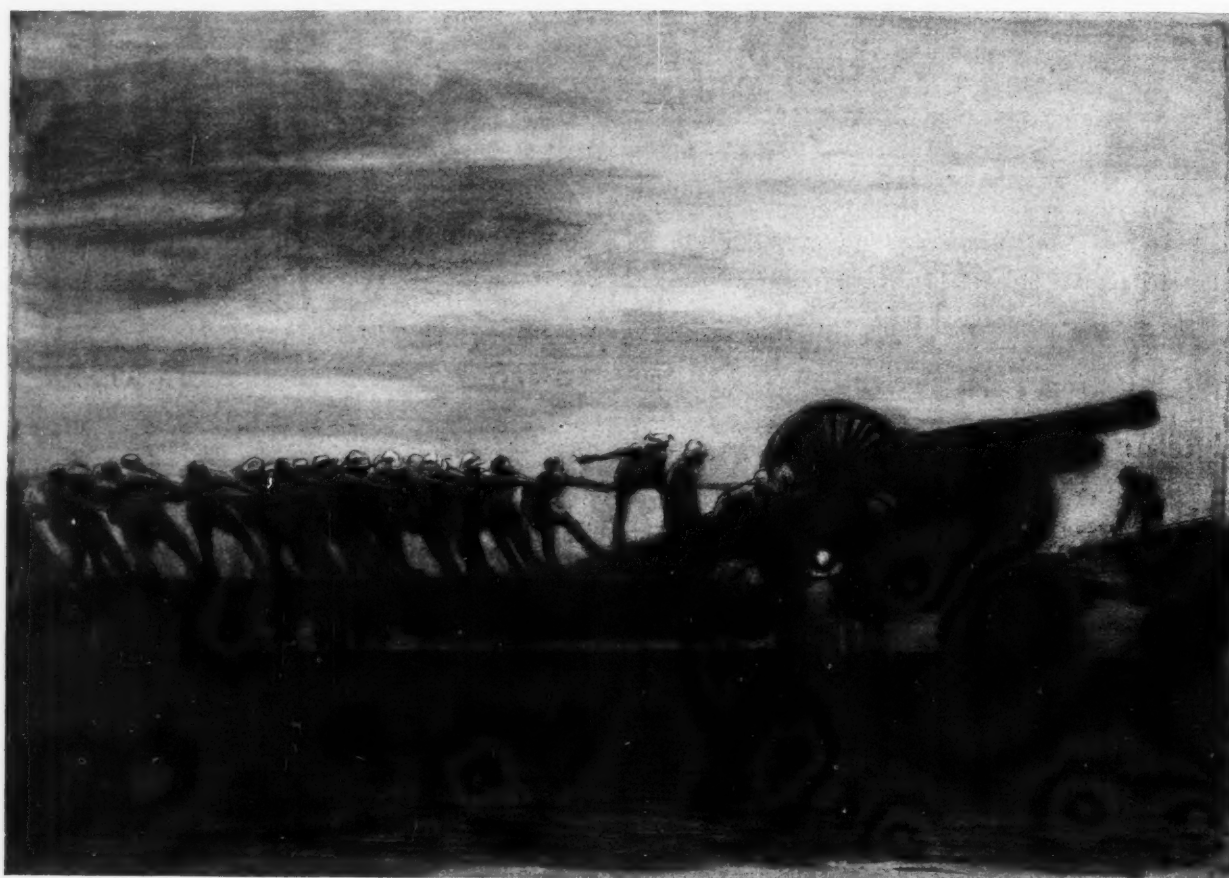
urging and protesting his need of help. The help needed was not forthcoming.

Meanwhile, besides discontent at Sophia and protests from Constantinople, there was the growing exhaustion of Austria. Without exaggeration that exhaustion is extreme. Between the Russians and the Italians Austria had suffered more than any other of the belligerents among the greater Powers. It was a feature of Prussian policy to let that process go on, partly because it saved German resources, partly because it ensured Austria's vassalage. But there was a point where this cynicism began to be dangerous. The collapse of Austria would mean the breaking away of Bulgaria and Turkey alike. Nothing was more certain.

Such, broadly, was the situation at the end of August. We now come to the active German patronage of the Bolsheviks. The danger point in regard to Austria had been reached. In face of that and of the attitude of Bulgaria and Turkey, to say nothing of affairs on the West, the necessity of winding up the war in Russia was urgent, and the obvious means of winding up the war was to overthrow the Russian Government and to reduce the country to chaos. For that purpose the Bolsheviks were perfectly adapted instruments. Internationalism of the sane variety clearly implies the

would not have been safe unless upon the assurance that something was there going to happen. This was a month before the Bolshevik rising in Petrograd, which coincided with the attack on Italy almost to the day. Did the Germans know of the Bolshevik plot? Doubt is hardly so much as possible. The tragedy of Russia is the Bolshevik-made chaos; the armistice negotiations are a burlesque interlude, dust for the eyes, but too manifestly dust.

Now opens up another vista. To the public in Germany the chaos in Russia and her military paralysis most probably recall that phase of the Seven Years' War in which Frederick, reduced to the last gasp, bought off the Russians by an intrigue with the Emperor Paul. Most likely they see in it a case of history repeating itself. But there is a difference. When Russia went out of the Seven Years' War another Power much greater and stronger than Russia did not come in. Had it been so, Prussia would not have survived to become through these intervening years the curse of Europe, and the curse of Germany first and foremost. The existence of this Prussian Power, for it has been well pointed out that it is a system, not a nationality, has poisoned the relations between nations, led to the competition in armaments, debased, brutalised and warped men's ideas, kept back



DETRAINING A HOWITZER BY MOONLIGHT.

At Railhead the men of a siege battery haul the limber of one of their guns from the truck

existence of nationality and relations between nations under the rule of law. The Bolsheviks profess the bastard topsy-turvy negation of nationality—an internationalism which has no meaning save that it offers an excuse for fools and scoundrels to play the traitor. As the Germans have been engaged in an attempt to destroy nationalities, other than their own, by the sword, it is not surprising that they should welcome as allies and tools blockheads prepared to destroy nationality by disorder. It plainly promoted their undertaking.

A curious light is thrown on this fellowship. An important withdrawal of German and Austrian troops from the front in Russia began in September, and it took place then in order to assemble the forces destined for the attack upon Italy. For that scheme there were three reasons: There was the necessity, because the danger point had been reached, of aiding Austria; there was the necessity for covering the cynicism of Prussian policy by an illusory recovery of Venetia, the loss of which the Austrians have never forgiven; there was the patent advisability of safeguarding the front on the West against a turning movement from Italy if Austria gave way. But though so much is now clear, it should be observed that the withdrawal of troops from Russia in September

advancement by insecurity and waste, sharpened popular poverty, exalted the barbarism of brute force, glorified lying, and erected plunder into a national industry. The thing has grown at last beyond the toleration even of those born into such an atmosphere. Though the imaginations of few may be able to compass an Age in which this curse has ceased to be, the affliction is clearly felt as one from which the world must be released. Such is the view of this greater Power, the United States, which has stepped in. No, the issue cannot be the same. History has not repeated itself. The difference is fundamental.

And the German Government, at any rate, realise that fact. They are to be judged by their actions. Let us go back for a moment to the organisation of the attack upon Italy. The intention was to devote the main attention to it for the time being. That was important, as will already have been gathered. But it was important on another ground. If there was urgency for an attack upon Italy there was also urgency for an attack upon the Allies in the Balkans and upon Greece. That, too, formed part of the design. The case of Bulgaria and of Turkey was only in degree less acute than the case of Austria. The forcing of an armistice upon the Rumanians is a sign. In face of

this scheme for employing the *débris* of the Russian front against Italy and in the Balkans it should be pretty evident, with two winter offensives in prospect and the need of feeding them if they were not to be failures—for such winter campaigning amid mountains is very expensive—it was palpably the German interest to mark time meanwhile on the west. All the more was that the German interest, because the hoped-for success of these offensives would fulfil the imperative condition precedent of a concentration of the German forces in the western theatre of war. Such a concentration had to be achieved, if possible, not only because of American intervention in force, but in anticipation of it. It was the one remaining chance of a wind up which would not be disaster.

That brings us at last to Cambrai, and the meaning of Cambrai. The thrust against Italy met with unexpected difficulties. Then came our breach of the Siegfried line. Now, the preparations for that operation really began in September at the same time that the enemy was getting ready for his onset in Italy. And what was its broader strategical object? To compel him to look to the west as well as to Italy and the Balkans; to give him three things to look after instead of the contemplated two; in a word, to scatter his forces. Remember that the initiative in the war is ours, not his, and this is the proof of it. The consequences? He was not able to extricate himself from his difficulties in Italy, and he had to put off his intended Balkan activities—a bad thing, for the winter is getting on.

The popular idea about Cambrai is that we hoped to "break through" and could not. It is the "authorised" German version, and many people have swallowed it. But it is not the opinion of the German Staff; published versions never are. We broke what had been thought to be an impregnable bulwark; we created by so doing a strategical situation which was critical; we shattered from first to last twenty-five more German divisions, a good percentage of the enemy's best troops. After that, to economise our forces, we reduced our salient. Did it matter? Not in the least. It was advisable. The work in hand had been done. Once more had been seen, in the phrase of Napier, "the

majesty with which the British soldier fights." Majesty is the word. The work in hand had been done *because the plan for crippling the Italians first had been ruined*. It has been finally ruined. Let there be no doubt about that, and let there be no tears for Cambrai. Cambrai has settled the issue of the war; Cambrai smashed the enemy's last chance. The Bolsheviks have come upon the scene too late.



THE VETERINARY HOSPITAL. A NEW CASE.

The Surgeon is discussing its treatment with his Sergeant-Major.



HOLY COMMUNION ON A TRANSPORT.

The Quartermaster's office in the stern—a chapel heaving and vibrating—where, in the gloom, "two or three are gathered together" for morning Sacrament.

And what is the relationship between Cambrai and Jerusalem? This, that Cambrai has reacted not only in Italy, but in the Balkans. But for Cambrai we might have been faced in Palestine eventually with much more formidable obstacles. As it is, there seems no reason why the campaign there should not continue to prosper, and under a leader like Allenby we may rely upon it that nothing will be neglected to that end.

D.

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING RESULTS & METHODS OF PARTIAL STERILISATION OF SOIL

By DR. E. J. RUSSELL.

THE photographs show some of the earlier results obtained in this country which attracted the interest of growers generally, and led to a good deal of experimental work. Fig. 2 shows some tomato plants grown in "sick" soil; the untreated soil only gave



FIG. 1.—U = untreated soil, 210°F. = soil treated by steam; F. = soil treated with formaldehyde.

small plants quite unsuited to the commercial grower (or to the amateur grower, for that matter) in these strenuous days; the soil which had been practically sterilised gave much better and quite satisfactory growth. It is immaterial whether the sterilisation is brought about by heat, as shown here, or by suitable antiseptics: a similar and very desirable result is invariably obtained.

Fig. 1 shows the result of partial sterilisation on a vine-sick soil. The vines on the untreated soil made poor growth by no means up to the reasonable expectation of the grower: after partial sterilisation growth became good. Again, a satisfactory improvement is obtained whether the process is brought about by heat or by chemicals: in this case formaldehyde proved quite useful. These, and a very large number of other experiments with many different crops and soils, showed that partial sterilisation of the soil can be effected in the following ways: (1) by heat, or by treatment with (2) carbon disulphide, (3) toluene, (4) carbolic acid, or its homologues, (5) formaldehyde, (6) in certain cases, bleaching powder.

When the question of practical application arose it became essential to consider not only the effectiveness, but also the costs of the different methods. The practical man cannot be expected to adopt any particular

method if a cheaper and better is available. After full consideration, it appeared, for the present, that heating is the most suitable method, and this is therefore adopted in the nurseries and glass-houses in the Lea Valley, where a good deal of partial sterilisation is done. Steam is generated in the boiler shown in Fig. 3; it is then passed through a hosepipe and delivered under the trays shown in Fig. 4, which are placed on the soil after it has been forked



FIG. 2.—U = untreated soil, 55°C. = soil heated to 55°C. 100°C. = soil heated to 100°C. Chemical antiseptics were intermediate in action.

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FIG. 3.—Heating the soil is now carried out in glass-houses in the Lea Valley. The steam generator.

over. The soil being thus loose is readily penetrated by the steam, and its temperature is soon raised. After about half an hour the steam can be discontinued and turned under another set of trays which in the meantime have been got into position. This method has the great advantage that it is worked *in situ*, so that it involves no lifting or carrying of the soil.

It is well known that the best cultural results are obtained when plants go straight ahead from the outset without suffering any check or injury, and so a supply of partially

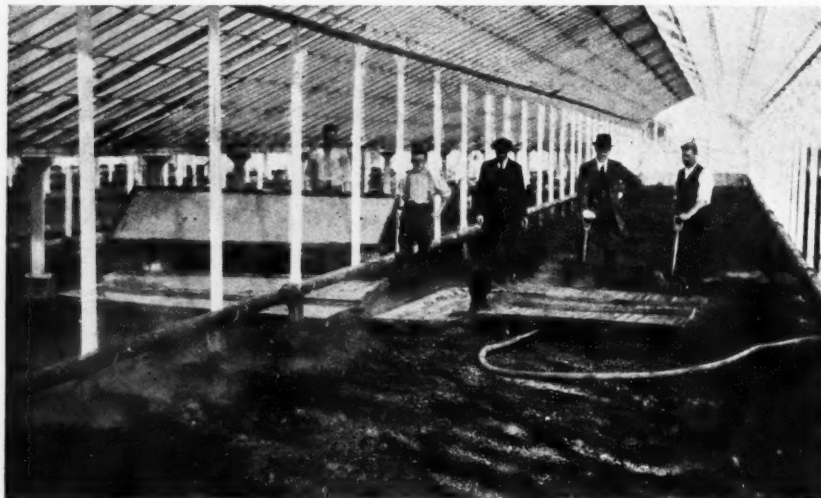


FIG. 4.—The trays being put in position. This method is at present more effective than treatment with antiseptics; but advances are always being made, and it is by no means certain that it will long continue to be the best

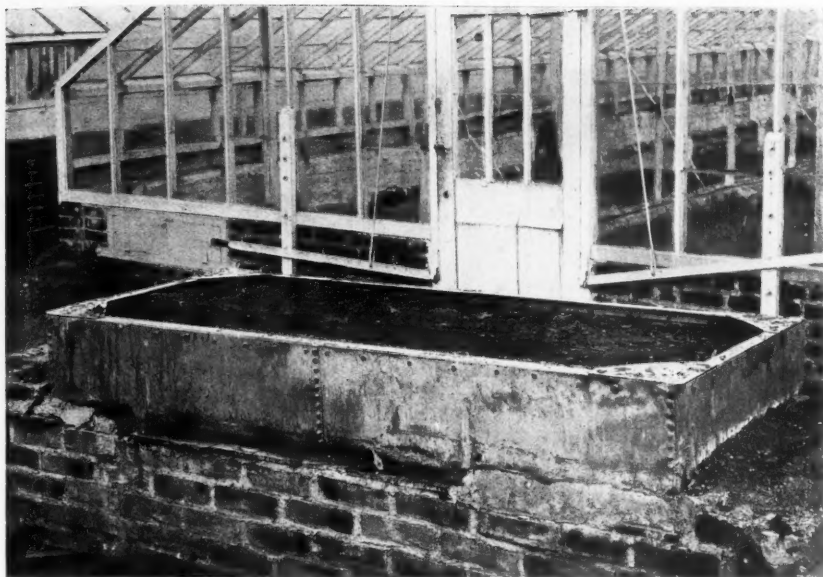


FIG. 5.—Another method of heating the soil: the tank stands on the boiler and is heated by the waste heat. The soil is then used for potting.



FIG. 6.—A convenient oven heated by coke for baking soil for potting purposes.

sterilised soil is prepared by the growers for potting and propagating purposes. This can conveniently be done by either of two methods. Fig. 5 shows a tank placed on the top of the heating furnace, in which soil can be left and heated by the waste heat till it is wanted. About twenty-four hours is found to be a suitable time, and about a ton of soil can be treated at one time. The cost here is negligible: the soil has to be carried into the house in any case, and the small extra expense involved in carrying it by way of the furnace is more than counterbalanced by the improvement effected.

Fig. 6 shows another method, which works better when larger quantities of soil are to be treated; it is an oven heated by coke, into which soil is passed at the top from the wooden platform and then drawn out from the bottom. As a matter of convenience the soil is left for twenty-four hours, though a shorter period would suffice if necessary. The oven shown here takes two tons of soil, and during the twenty-four hours it burns 1 cwt. of coke. In ordinary circumstances, therefore, the cost is not great.

It should be emphasised that while these heating methods are most convenient at present, they will not necessarily hold the field for long. Experiments with various chemical substances are always in process, and there is no limit to the ease and cheapness with which they can be applied; whereas there is a very distinct limit to the convenience and cheapness of using heat. Cresylic acid (otherwise known as liquid carbolic acid) and formaldehyde are both promising, but other substances are also under investigation.

THE LONDON OF CHILDHOOD

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
"I've been to London—to see the Queen!"

THE whole gist of the matter lies there—the magic, the wonder and the dream. That childhood enquiry "where have you been?" is but a variant of "where are you going?" No other question could have been put to a pussy cat symbol of nursery days, and the only possible alternative by way of answer would have been "heaven." But since Heaven was vaguely connected with ideas of reward and punishment, the next best symbol was chosen. The rhyme puts the eternal quest into the terms of legend, and the reply uses the characteristic of deathless Fairyland—gold and royalty. "Once upon a time a King lived in a great city . . ." or, as the pussy cat stated it, "I've been to London to see the Queen."

London was the goal of all childhood's journeys, and all time's measurements dated from the "day I went to London." An amazing and heterogeneous assortment of details live in the memory of that first journey, surviving, in many cases, where all else has died in the haze of those dim years. These details must vary, of course, with individuals, but it is a thousand to one that two of them will prove retained in common: Bath buns and the boom of incessant traffic. To this day I cannot sit waiting in the dentist's "parlour," where people talk in whispers and avoid each other's glance, without dropping back straight into the mood and feeling of the original childhood visit. The same leaden skies outside, the illustrated papers of ancient date upon the central table, the mysterious figures

turning over the pages softly, the Landseer engraving on the dingy wall, the boom and roar of the traffic down the street, punctuated by the sharp hoof-strokes of the horses and the passing thunder of some gigantic van; and then the noiseless opening of the door as the silent being, dressed in black, enters and bows solemnly at—one of the waiting group. All look up, but one alone is summoned.

This fateful moment especially brings back the very mood and feeling of the sailor suit or the flying hair tied up with a big blue bow. The entire picture is set against that outside boom and roar of incessant traffic which was the note of London. . . .

With the dim thunder, as with the memory of the sweet Bath bun sprinkled over by rough knobs of delicious sugar, other, happier details survive, of course—a curious medley. Of three, in particular, two still exist: the Crystal Palace and Maskelyne and Cook, for German Reed's has vanished, devoured by the Queen's Hall. That one and the same city could include these three places of delight seemed incredible. In the first of them, two things have left indelible impressions: the prehistoric monsters in the grounds, and the seductive mystery of the immense glass building. As the feet trod those resounding boards, things of all kinds were happening in remote and hidden portions of the shining place—music, for instance, audible in the distance, but difficult to discover and "locate." The spot whence it issued had to be hunted for high and low, and on the hunt the way was easily lost, so that, among palm trees suddenly, or face to face with gorillas and chimpanzees, the thrill of being lost amid new dangers caught the heart a dozen times. Yet this marvellous place was actually in London, the same city that housed the dentist and the thundering traffic. The Bath buns proved it. They were sprinkled in glittering piles all through the Crystal Palace. The way of getting there, too, added to the wonder, for the puzzling high-level and low-level railways were obvious marks of Fairyland, and quite inexplicable. One thing alone was disappointing: the absence of gigantic fruit trees with peaches and plums as big as footballs trained, amid "Land of Canaan" bunches of gargantuan grapes, along the glassy walls. No grown-up ever could explain the lack intelligently, and to this day it remains with a tang of melancholy—a wonderful opportunity lost by a careless and neglectful Government.

To children living permanently in London was denied one great and subtle joy—the joy of coming up, the wonder of approach. This approach by train prepares the heart, as a good story prepares the reader's mood, for the marvellous things to follow. The sunshine on the lawn is dazzling when the journey starts, but as the city gets nearer it begins to fade, a dimness creeps upon the sky, haze replaces the clear brilliance. As the houses thicken and increase this touch of suggestive mystery hangs a gauzy curtain from the heavens, and the feeling that "anything may happen" in such an atmosphere is established. This approach is unique among big cities. The centre takes so long to reach, so many junctions and big, busy stations intervene before the final goal is entered. The country sunlight is forgotten, it seems already far away in time and space, and when the terminus is seen and the train at last pulls up slowly, the sense of excited bewilderment in the heart lays its glamour upon all that subsequently happens. There is no disappointment. You step out on to the crowded platform, you see the pale patches of yellowish sunlight, and you hear the outside boom and roar of traffic with the assurance that the sense of wonder is alive and ready, and that great London has been adequately approached.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.



RICH alluvial flats border the Severn edge of Monmouthshire, and between them and the high hill-lands are shapely knolls and ridges of easy gradient and great fertility. Here, surrounded by a nobly timbered park, wherein Lord Rhondda's famous herd of Hereford cattle waxes fat, stands Llanwern House, looking out to the south over the green lowlands and the gleaming estuary. It is a plain but dignified Georgian square running round a central court. Georgian in style it may be unhesitatingly pronounced, but dates over half a century apart have been assigned to its erection. The details of the brick and stone exterior and the interior wood and plasterwork resemble houses built during the first half of George II's reign. But an impression exists locally that it was built by a Charles Van, who died in 1704, while Archdeacon Coxe, who visited it for his "Tour in Monmouthshire" in 1799, tells us "Llanwern house was built by Charles Van Esq; the grandfather of Lady Salisbury," this lady being in possession of the estate when Coxe wrote. Let us first see who these Vans were and then consider the rival claims of various Charleses as builders of the house. Though the name Avan occurs in Glamorganshire, the Vans, who ultimately became of Llanwern, are held not to be of this descent, but to have originated in Somerset under the name of de Anne. By the fourteenth century they had certainly crossed the estuary, for De Annes held the Marcross Manor of Cardiff under Edward III, and we find them intermarrying with important Morganwg families, such as the Herberts of Colebrook, the Morgans of Pencoeed and the Stradlings of St. Donats. A cadet of the house appears under Elizabeth as Thomas Van

of Marshfield, the border parish of the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, wherein is situated Cefn Mably, a home of the Kemyses, to which his son Lewis went for his wife, who is said ultimately to have been drowned in her own house during the great flood in 1607, but it is not mentioned whether this refers to Coldra, near Newport, which was the seventeenth century home of the Vans. It is the ill-fated Cecil Kemys's son, Thomas, who is the first to be called of Coldra, and is Sheriff of Monmouthshire in 1615. His son, Lewis, and his grandson, Charles, hold the same office in 1638 and 1659 respectively, and both are described as of Coldra, although Lewis bought the Llanwern estate and Charles is the man whom some think built the present house. Their predecessors in possession of Llanwern were the Welshes, of whom Sir John Welsh flourished there in the fifteenth century, his daughters marrying neighbours—a Morgan of Langstone and a Lewis of St. Pierre. An Anthony and an Arnold Welsh appear in Elizabeth's time, and then a veil falls on the family, for it is "of the representatives of the Welsh family" that Lewis Van purchases Llanwern in 1630. Where did they live?—in an older house on the present hill site, or on the flat below where the stream still forms a moat enclosing an acre or two of walled kitchen garden, and also runs as a masonry canal through the middle of the enclosure? The low-lying spot, sheltered, well watered, protected by a moat, and near the church certainly seems an ideal place for a mediæval home. Near by is a smithy where for long there has been an iron fireback with the initials C.V. and the date 1683. Was it cast for the first Charles Van for use in the moated house, or did it come from a later house on the hill? That the present building was erected by a man who flourished





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2.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

under Charles II is contrary to its architectural evidence. But certain stone buildings in the rear of it, its quadrangular shape, and such features as Early Renaissance fire arches found concealed by later work all indicate that it is the second house on the present site. Authorities agree that the first Charles Van died in 1704, and as that is forty-five years after he was sheriff, he must have lived to be an old man, who will have done any building he may have undertaken long before that.



4.—DETAIL OF WINDOW ARCHITRAVES IN DRAWING-ROOM.

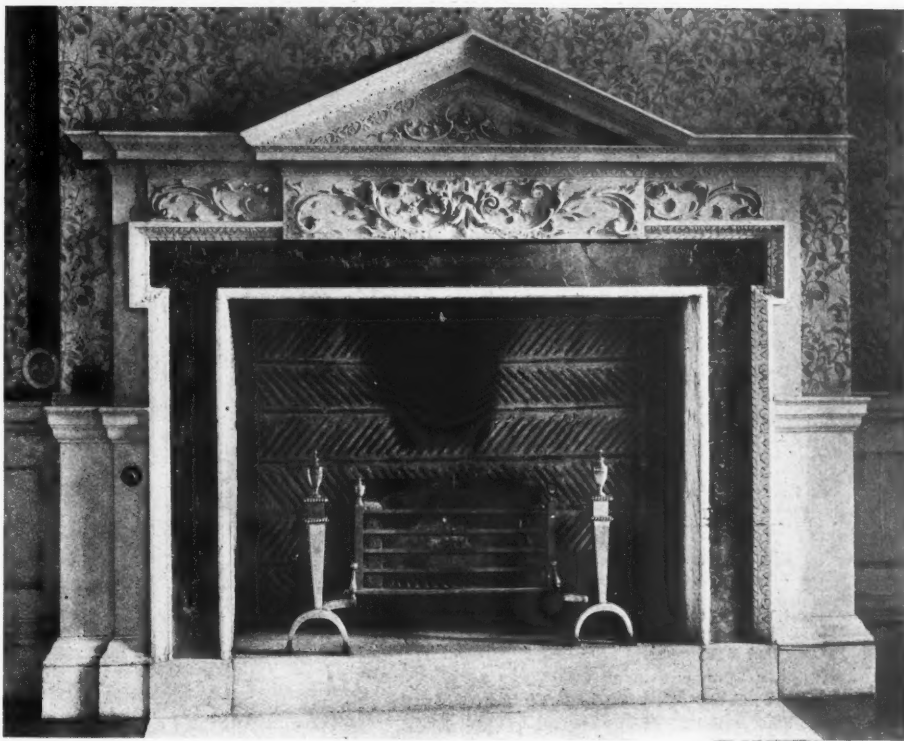
Again, it is agreed that he was succeeded by a son, Thomas, but after that we get contradictions in the pedigrees. Coxe gives one, for which he expresses himself as "indebted to Sir Robert Salusbury," which makes Thomas Van

exist till 1755, when he is succeeded by a son, Charles, who leaves two children, Thomas, who died in 1794, and Katherine, wife to Sir Robert Salusbury. But his letterpress does not tally with this, for though he says "Charles Van Esq. the late proprietor, died in 1778, and left the estate and house of Lanwern to his eldest daughter Katherine who espoused Sir Robert Salusbury," he gives no explanation of why the son, Thomas, was dispossessed, and adds, "Lanwern house was built by Charles Van Esq. the grandfather of Lady Salusbury," whereas his pedigree has made the elder Thomas her grandfather. Much more careful work was done by Mr. G. T. Clark, who published his "Genealogies of Morgan and Glamorgan" in 1886. According to him, the first Thomas Van (date of death not given) has a son, Charles Van, who married a Lewis of St. Pierre and was the father of Coxe's "late proprietor," the latter succeeding in 1755, and living till 1778. Mr. Clark also finds that not he, but his son Thomas, is the father of Katherine Lady Salusbury. It is a real muddle. Mr. Clark was a careful compiler, and yet one hesitates to agree that Sir Robert Salusbury mistook his father-in-law for a brother-in-law five years after the latter died! But for Coxe's confusion and contradiction it would have been quite easy to decide whether the house was built by a man who owned the place in the first portion of George II's reign, as its style indicates, or whether it is a late example of that style, dating from 1755 or after. We have it from a neighbour and contemporary that the second Charles Van was a careful, and the third a lavish man, and therefore the latter is likely to have expended his father's savings on the large house full of fine interior decorations as the illustrations show. There is much resemblance between such work here and at the Royal Fort at Bristol, Downton Hall in Shropshire, and Hagley in Worcestershire, which all date from about the time when the young man succeeded, and when Sir Charles Hanbury Williams wrote:

Nothing has surprised me more than the flights of young Mr. Van, it is the mother of whom he is the picture that works within him. Good God! if old Van was to hear that his son stood for a county and kept 13 bay horses he would rise out of his grave to disinherit him.

It is therefore probable that Coxe meant to indicate "young Van" and not "old Van" as the builder, although it was perhaps going rather far for Mr. Clark to assert this positively as he does. The work certainly reminds one of such early Georgian architects as Gibbs, and the exterior of the house (Fig. 1) may be compared with the wings of Ditchley, while the north entrance doorway (Fig. 10) is a smaller and simpler edition of the main doorway of that house as illustrated by Gibbs in his "Book of Architecture," published in 1728.

Both the pedimented outer doorway and the pair of round headed inner ones leading from the entrance lobby to the offices (Fig. 9) are very successful examples of the rusticated type, simple and refined. Gibbs also illustrates many pedimented chimneypieces, both with and without overmantels, of the kind we find in the dining-room (Fig. 8) and in the morning-room at Llanvern. But the decoration of the latter tends towards the manner of the "Chinese" taste such as we find in William Halfpenny's "Modern Builder's Assistant," published in the very year that Hanbury Williams is surprised at "the flights" of "young Mr. Van." That, also, is the character of the Llanvern plasterwork, of which the saloon (Fig. 6) presents the largest and richest example; but equally typical are those in the dining-room and the drawing-room (Fig. 3). In the latter the chimneypiece

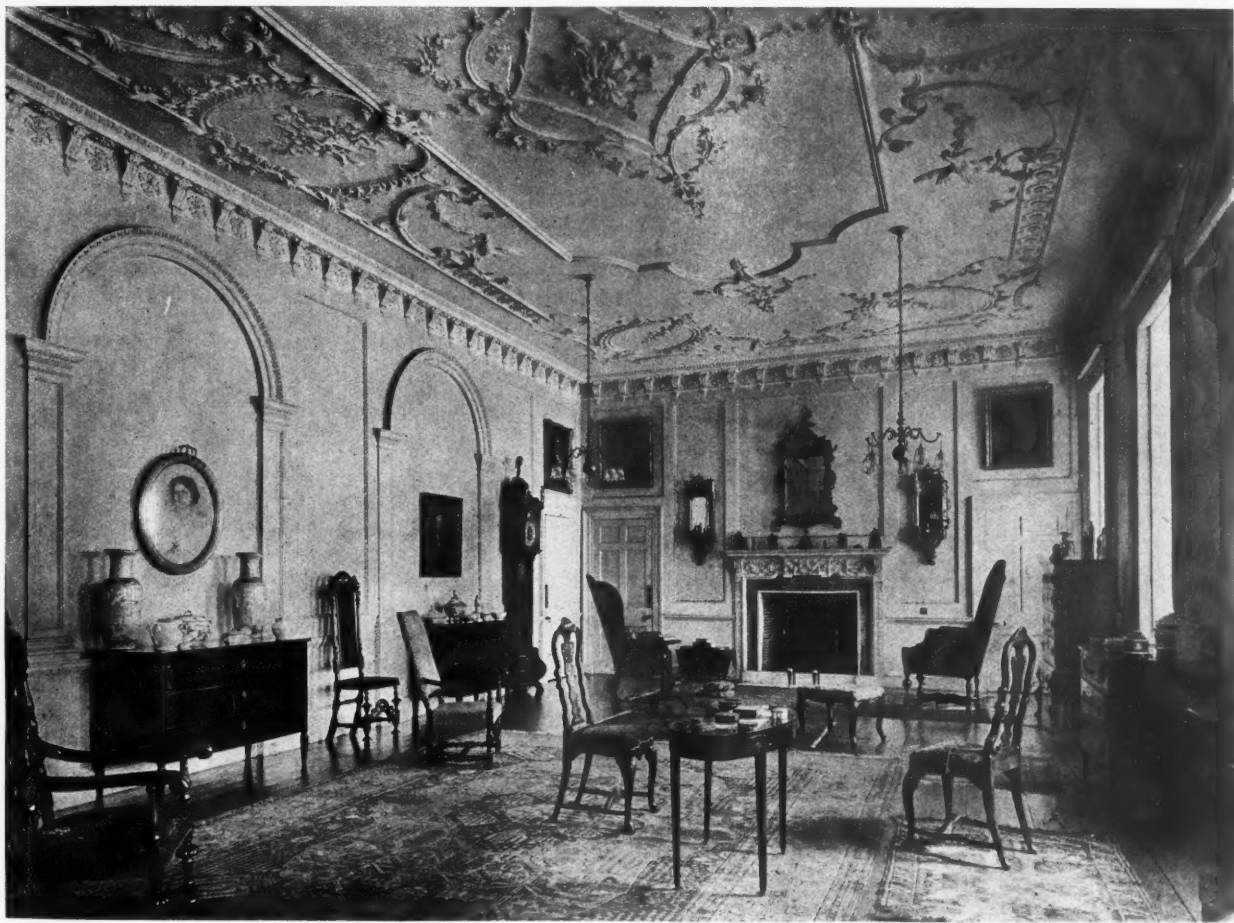


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5.—IN THE MORNING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has the pagoda top which Chippendale used so much for his looking glasses and cabinets. That, however, is the only Chinese touch in the drawing-room, for the frets though essential motifs with the Chinese designers are very classical and reserved. The workmanship is as excellent as the design, the most noticeable feature being the door and window architraving with its painstaking *à jour* outer member (Fig. 4). It gives a sense of great finish and an almost



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6.—THE SALOON.

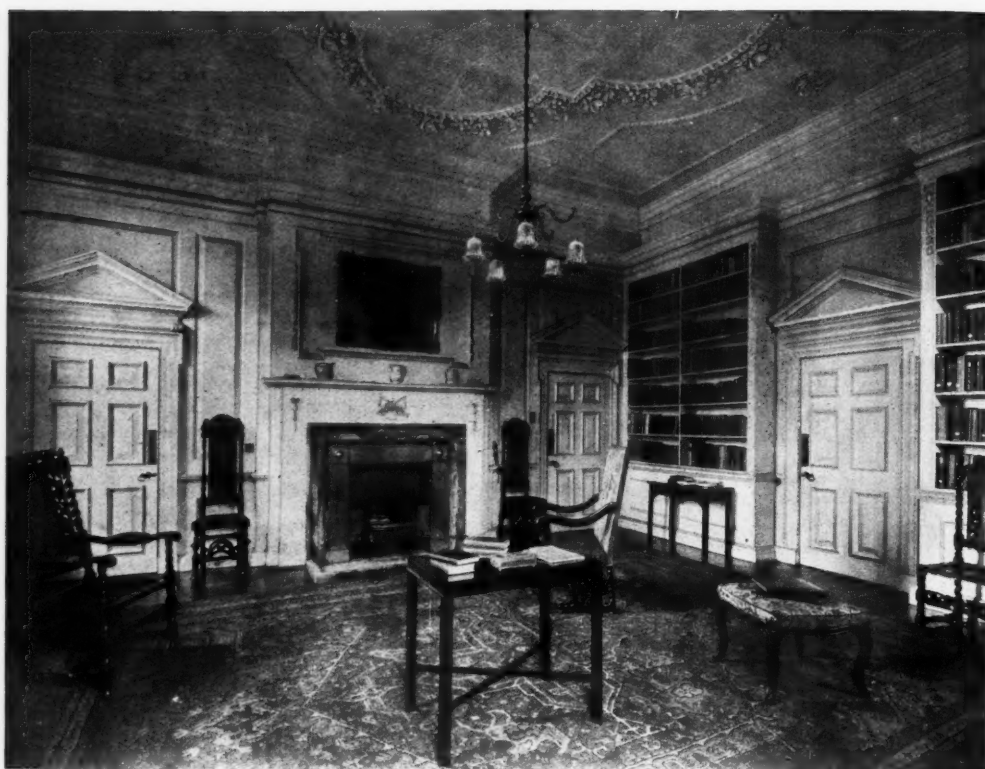
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Japanese feeling of patient and loving care, but may not be held very practical by the housemaid whose task is to dust it.

In writing of the "Royal Fort" at Bristol (*COUNTRY LIFE*, May 27th, 1916), which was completed in 1760, I suggested that Bath plasterers had probably wrought there and were responsible for the very similar work across the estuary, at Llanwern and Fonmon in particular. There is, also, likeness between the exteriors of the Fort and of Llanwern, and about the form and character of the chimneypieces. They may, therefore, very well be of the same date, and that is the best conclusion to come to, without, however, setting it down as a positively established fact. Some of the decorative features, such as the staircase, although they are of a type introduced thirty or forty years earlier, had not, especially in the provinces, been displaced by the designs which Chambers and Adam were bringing into vogue when George III became King.

Sir Robert Salusbury married Katherine Van in 1780, and was High Sheriff of Monmouthshire seven years later.

From that one would gather that he was then in possession of Llanwern, although Mr. G. T. Clark's genealogy tells us that Thomas Van lived till 1794, and left a son, Charles, who died under age four years later. We are left in the same uncertainty as to the time and manner of Katherine's inheritance as we are as to the date of the building of Llanwern. But of her husband and his forebears we have



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7.—THE BUSINESS ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

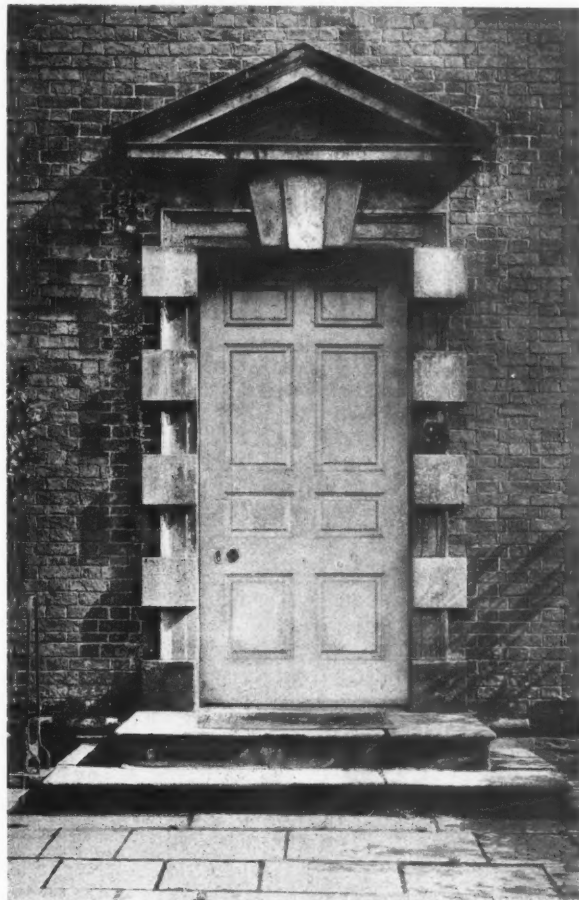
plentiful information, for the Salusburies were a North Wales family that produced many able men. The Herald's College discovered in the sixteenth century—a time when it displayed large powers of imagination—that Adam of Salzburg, a younger son of a Duke of Bavaria, was appointed Captain of the Denbigh Garrison by Henry II, and that from him descended the Salusburies of Llewenny in Denbighshire, of whom quite a batch find mention in the Dictionary of National Biography. Of them was John, a monk of Bury St. Edmund's, whose leaning towards the Reformation got him into trouble in Henry VIII's early and orthodox days, but who died a Protestant bishop under Elizabeth. In the same reign his cousin Thomas is executed as a popish conspirator, while William is the author of "A Dictionary in Englyshe and Welsh, moche necessary to all suche Welshemen as wil spedly learne the Englyshe tōgue." In the days of James I, Henry, the head of the family, becomes a baronet, and his son, Sir Thomas, fights for Charles I, and is so successful a versifier that Ant. Wood declares that his "natural geny to poetry" made him "a most noted poet of his time." With the next generation the baronets of Llewenny come to an end, that estate being carried by marriage to the Cottons of Combermere. But branches of the family continued in the county, and Hester Salusbury became Mrs. Thrail of Streatham, the friend of Johnson, and ultimately the wife of Gabriel Piozzi when she returned to the land of her fathers and settled at Brynbella, in the Vale of Clwyd. It was her distant cousin who married the Van heiress, and was made a baronet in 1795. For sixteen years he represented either Monmouthshire or Breconshire in Parliament, and in 1817 was succeeded by his son Thomas. Thomas was followed by his two brothers in succession.



9.—FROM ENTRANCE HALL TO OFFICES.

All three dying without issue, Llanwern went to the children of their sister, who had married Thomas Rous of Curtyrala, and was owned by Miss Rous when Lord Rhondda, then Mr. D. A. Thomas, began his tenancy more than a quarter of a century ago. The nineteenth century had played some evil pranks with the house. A curving drive swept round the three principal elevations, making both architectural lines and privacy impossible in the garden. The saloon (Fig. 6), occupying the central 50ft. of the south side, had been divided, the partition cutting the fine ceiling and cornice into mere

shapelessness. The arch and panel wall scheme was obliterated by some very poor late tapestries that were hung in wall-paper fashion. The larger part was the entrance hall, the lesser a private sitting-room, and the space beyond it to the east wasted and disused. When Lord Rhondda converted his tenancy into ownership he set about putting all this right with the advice of Mr. Oswald Milne. The north entrance became the front door (Fig. 10), a room being thrown into the entrance lobby to make a hall and an adequate approach to the sitting-rooms, of which the drawing-room,



Copyright. 10.—THE ENTRANCE DOOR. "C.L."

dining-room and morning-room occupy the west side, with the staircase behind. The saloon was restored to its original proportions and appearance and a terraced garden laid out before it. The room beyond it, balancing the morning-room at its other end, was fitted up as Lord Rhondda's sitting-room (Fig. 7), Mr. Milne successfully impressing his own decorative personality while preserving full sympathy with the style of the original rooms. Beyond it, as Lord Rhondda needed additional room for secretaries, a single storeyed pavilion was built out, improving the general outline of the house, while acting as a screen between garden and office yard. Except such matters as heating, lighting and water service, little more was necessary beyond repairs, for the other rooms and the staircases had fortunately escaped drastic treatment since they had been so excellently completed. The north-west room had been used as a dining-room, the woodwork grained oak and the north windows blocked up. Being the most finished room in the house it must have been intended as a drawing-room, and was once more restored to its original purpose (Fig. 2). It is a good example of how little can throw a fine decorative unit out of gear, and how, with informed advice, it can readily regain its quality and value. A few years ago it was the place where you dined, and little more. Now, as already pointed out, it is an extremely good and complete specimen of the taste of the middle of the eighteenth century; typical in its general lines, but rare and individual in several of its details.

Here Lord Rhondda, before the nation claimed his great organising talents to take up the arduous and ungrateful task of controlling its food, was admirably placed to direct and oversee the vast commercial and mining interests in South Wales which look to his guidance for success, and yet have leisure to gather and digest the mass of information

which makes him a premier authority on the coal supplies of the world. There was time also for needed relaxation, for indulgence in his keen love of nature. The park and woodlands gratify to the full his affection for trees and landscape, while ear and eye are alive for the sound and sight of birds, whose habits are so well known to him, from tiny wren to stately

heron. A Cincinnatus taken from the plough at his country's call, there are probably few who look forward more eagerly to peace and a return to those paths which experience and inclination have led him to tread with so firm a step whether they lead to productive industry or country leisure.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

AFTER the swift and brilliant campaign in Palestine General Allenby succeeded in forcing the city to surrender on December 9th. It is a feat that associates his name with a long list of kings and warriors who at one time or another have accomplished the feat of capturing what is in some respects the most interesting city of the world. Its chronicle calls up before us names of mighty rulers which, nevertheless, are but the shadow of names now. After King David had wrested it from the Jebusites it was conquered by Nebuchadnezzar and regained for the Hebrews under Nehemiah. Ptolemy I of Egypt reigned there, and the Maccabees, whose festival, by a strange coincidence, was being celebrated at the moment of its surrender to the forces of General Allenby, established there their dynasty of priest-kings about 164 B.C., a dynasty which lasted to the time of Herod. In European history it has figured as the holiest of all towns, to which a continuous stream of pilgrims went throughout the Middle Ages and continues to go to-day. The Crusaders rescued it from Egyptian rule in 1099. A Latin kingdom was set up and endured until Saladin took it in 1187, and Richard Cœur de Lion could not recover it. The Turks have held it since 1517, when Yawuz Sultan Selim conquered all Syria and Egypt and drove out the last Mamluk Sultan. On the rule of the Turks no one looks back except with melancholy.

They oppressed the citizens, retarded the advance of civilisation, and are responsible for the dilapidated and unworthy condition in which Jerusalem has remained until our own time. Nevertheless, this city of splendid memories has always been deeply enshrined in the tenacious Jewish memory. Their inflexible adoring passion for it has never been more finely expressed than in the Psalm that was made when the Jewish exile sat down by the waters of Babylon and remembered thee, O Zion. The words are so familiar that it is only on a special occasion like this that we recognise their full force. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." And this romance and passion have been imprinted on the Christian heart as well. Perhaps the most significant fact of all is that no more telling description of Heaven itself could be found than that of the New Jerusalem. In Christian hymns as well as in Jewish thought Jerusalem the Golden typifies all that splendour of faith or illusion with which the human heart has invested the future as a reward for the toil and suffering, the disappointments and heartbreaks of this stern world.

This constitutes the real reason for the feeling of triumph which swells and grows in all the most civilised countries in the world at the realisation that not only has Jerusalem fallen at last into Christian hands, but into the hands of the



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JERUSALEM: THE WAILING WALL.

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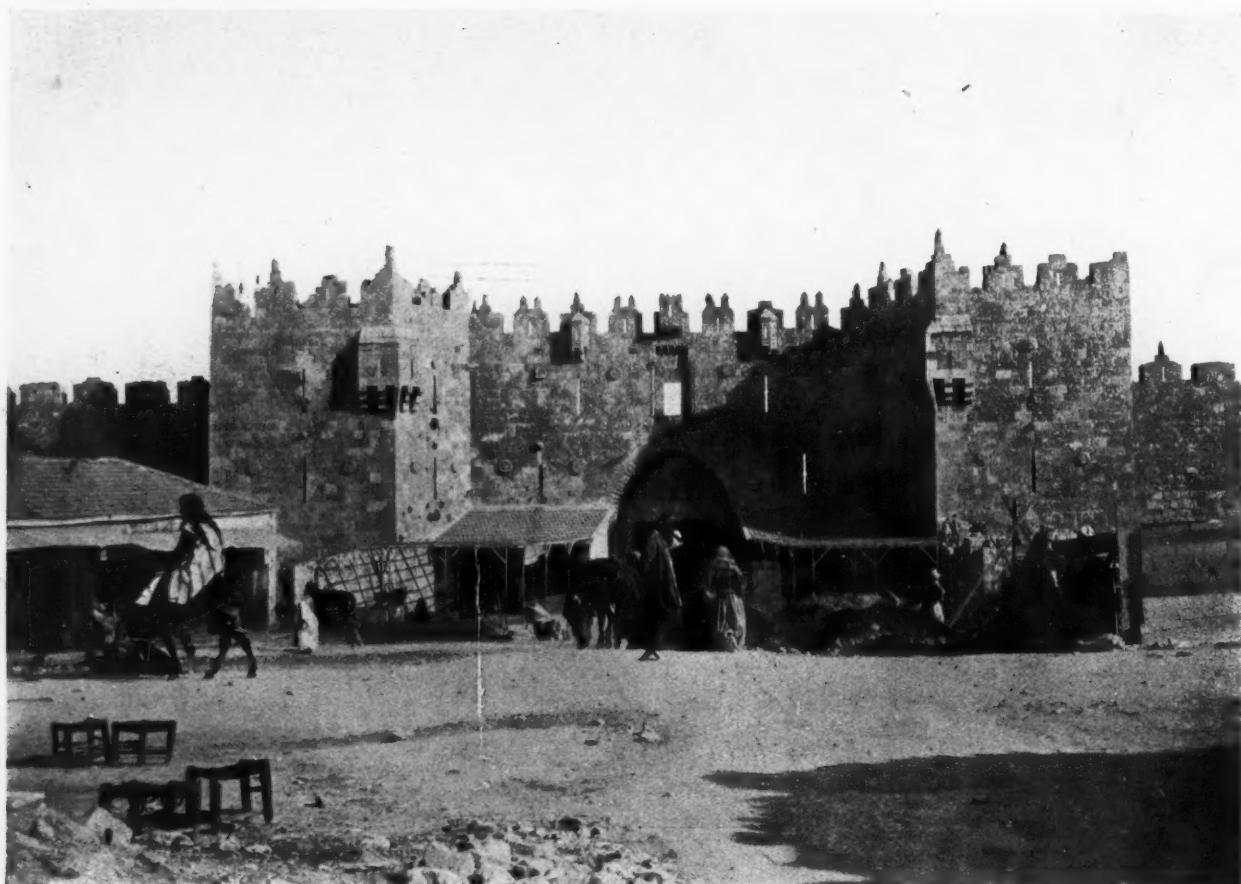
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THE DOMINANT AND PERSISTENT JEWISH TYPE.

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HEBRON, OCCUPIED BY GENERAL ALLENBY BEFORE THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.



JERUSALEM: THE DAMASCUS GATE.

nation which, beyond all others, has cherished the idea of freedom, not as a dream, but as a religion. Jerusalem captured by General Allenby is in reality enfranchised. No longer will its citizens be persecuted for their opinions or hindered in the act of performing the kind of worship which they think true and right. But if this is a great moral as well as a military victory for Great Britain, it is equally a sore defeat for the Turk. From the purely campaigning point of view, Jerusalem is not of the highest importance; but as a pledge of Turkish sovereignty in Palestine its importance knew no bounds, and the wringing of its government from the effete hands of its Constantinople rulers is an event that the Oriental mind will regard as the first tolling of the bell which marks the Turks' passing.

It does not by any means stand alone, as Von Tirpitz realises. The conquest of Palestine means the safety of the Suez Canal from any such attack as the Germans planned. Baghdad, another capital city four hundred miles away, is also in our possession, and Mesopotamia is being steadily subdued. With our success vanishes the German dream of carrying a continuous railway line from Berlin to the Persian Gulf. The possession of the towns of Baghdad and of Jerusalem, with all which it implies in regard to the neighbouring country, means the curtailment of the Eastern borders of the German Powers. It is, in fact, a beginning of that operation of driving them in which we hope will eventually end at Berlin itself.



M. Emil Frechon.

IN JERUSALEM.

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LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

IT has been said that a poet dies in every man. The child sees a "splendour in the grass, a glory in the flower." He shows a wonder in nature's simplest forms, he has a fresh and effusive affection for the human beings that surround him. But custom clouds his young eyes, his mind grows dull, he goes through the familiar metamorphosis of average intelligence, he finds himself in a world become commonplace. The child's transitory imagination is blurred, and he uses no more of these bright wayward phrases that enchant the sympathetic listener. Only the child born to be a poet keeps the light in his eye and the divine enthusiasm for life and nature in his soul. That is the meaning, as we all know, of the saying "whom the gods loved ie young." Youth is poetry, but it is only the poet who continues to translate life into poetry, who chants its mystery and is for ever glowing with its wonder. It is possible that Shelley divined an impermanence of the poetic inspiration when he seems to rejoice over the dead Keats, "from the contagion of the world's slow stain he sleeps secure."

His letters and poems speak of death as if it were as changeless a part of his thoughts as his desire for beauty. A strange melancholy often held him; it seemed an integral part of his genius, the cloud that moved in front of him after he left boyhood behind. In his eyes was fore-knowledge of death. He was young, but no other youthful poet ever put into words such a peerless gesture of mortal parting as,

Beauty that must die
And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu.

In a letter he wrote once: "I am never alone without rejoicing that there is such a thing as death—without placing my ultimate hope in the glory of dying for a great human purpose."

Writing later, he says about the attacks on his poetry: "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death." In one of his early sonnets he foresees

that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain.

Later, when passion had enslaved him:

Yet could I on this very midnight cease
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds.

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci" has the complete pathos of human surrender. Weird, ominous, it plays on the flute of romance a melody of some elfin world, and through it the sob of the living lacerated heart of the writer:

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

In concluding Sir Sidney Colvin's splendid and devoted study of Keats' life and analysis of his poetry ("Life of John Keats," Macmillan), that line of Shelley's seems to ring in the reader's ear a note of doom and eclipse. He was a glorious boy even as his admired Chatterton. But if fate is character he had elements in his nature that warred unceasingly with one another. The seeds of consumption inherited from a mother who seems to have been of an unruly, unbalanced nature conflicted with the sensible, diligent and ambitious instincts for which his father was notable. Heredity in the case of genius is no certain guide, but Sir Sidney

Colvin is evidently right in assuming that physical weakness and morbid sensibility were maternal gifts to Keats. A singular blank in the record of his boyhood and early youth is the complete absence of juvenile poetry. That may be an advantage, but Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and other modern poets, wrote verse, not wholly negligible, in their early teens. Keats, at Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, was like the youth he describes in one of his earliest poems:

A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

He was the best fighter in the school. Charles Cowden Clarke, the well known Shakespearian, the son of the headmaster, and his greatest friend at school, writes: "He was not merely the favourite of all, like a pet prize-fighter, for his terrier courage; but his high-mindedness, his utter unconsciousness of a mean motive, his placability, his generosity, wrought so general a feeling in his behalf, that I never heard a word of disapproval from anyone, superior or equal, who had known him." He showed no interest in literature until the last year at school, when he became an omnivorous reader and won several prizes for the best voluntary work. His earliest poem, an imitation of Spenser, is dated 1812, when he was seventeen, and had started his work as apprentice to a surgeon at Edmonton. But he gave up his medical career in 1817 just after he had obtained licence to practise, and entered the world of poetry. The decisive moment for his future had been in 1816, when Leigh Hunt printed his sonnet, "O solitude, if I must with thee dwell," in the *Examiner*. The kind and generous appreciation and help of Hunt in these first years was of great service to Keats, although later he revolted from the author of "Abou ben Adhem's" tea party style and a certain shallowness of character. It was just after this he made many friends, and all through his short life Keats attracted men of character and talent. One of them, Benjamin Bailey, leaves this impression of his appearance at that time: "He bore, along with the strong impress of genius, much beauty of feature and countenance. His hair was beautiful—a fine brown, rather than auburn, I think, and if you placed your hand upon his head, the silken curls felt like the rich plumage of a bird. The eye was full and fine, and softened into tenderness, or beamed with a fiery brightness, according to the current of his thoughts and conversation. Indeed, the form of his head was like that of a fine Greek statue; and he realised to my mind the youthful Apollo, more than any head of a living man whom I have known." There is no other description of Keats which shows better his youthful charm. Severn's portraits, painted from memory, which Sir Sidney Colvin reproduces, lack altogether that brightness. We would fain have seen him with "Apollo's summer look." But nothing ungrateful would we say, indebted as readers of poetry must be for ever to Sir Sidney Colvin for the loving care this book shows for the memory and understanding of one of the bravest and most generous natures that ever poet had. Sir Sidney Colvin blames the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* for the immediate consequences, in lack of material success, of their insulting articles about Keats, but refuses to credit them with seriously wounding him. John Gibson Lockhart has a black mark against his name, and none regretted his fault more than his great father-in-law, Scott. The silly, vulgar tone of the criticisms of both Keats and Leigh Hunt in these reviews one reads with amazement to-day. They played a venomous part, although they did not give the mortal blows which Shelley and others assigned to them. Keats, after his tour in Scotland in the autumn of 1818 with Charles Brown, over-walking and underfeeding, had to hurry back to Hampstead at the urgent messages of the Dilkes, good friends to the Keats brothers, to nurse his brother Tom dying of consumption. There seems no doubt that while attending devotedly he developed the dorman seeds. Tom Keats dies, and then there appears the third element of the tragedy in the person of Fanny Brawne, the daughter of a widow lady who had taken a house next door to the Dilkes and had become friendly in their circle while Keats was in Scotland. Passion, the vague haunting of sex, had appeared to Keats before this, yet hardly are we prepared for such a fever of desire and infatuation as presently tear all the delicate threads that bind together the earthly and spiritual form. What was she, this enchantress, who has so long been the subject of dispute and dislike to the lovers of Keats? Hers was the white hand that cut the last strands which held him to the warm life he loved. She seemed to have no mind worth talking about. What a white heat of passion and intellect shines from the grey eyes of Mary Godwin, who, a girl of sixteen, became the faithful companion of Shelley. And

this Fanny Brawne is a light coquette, with a pale charm, a vivacious manner, social address, who could talk French with foreigners while poor Keats sat tongue-tied and ignorant of the language; who danced with officers from Woolwich while Keats sat coughing in his lonely rooms. Sir Sidney Colvin says the best he can of her and gives evidence of some sensibility in Miss Brawne in what she wrote about Keats long after his death. But there can be no doubt of the misfortune of such a burning attachment to a girl so lukewarm and shallow. They were engaged, and that, if unworlily on her part when Keats had so few prospects, proves nothing. He was handsome, appealing with the magnetism of youth and poetic fire, and such flattery as his love must have been difficult to refuse. The disease which had attacked him was fevered by the heightened pulse of despairing and too often jealous love, as Miss Brawne was not averse to admiration. Towards the end of his life in England she and her mother nursed him for a short time in their own home. But his doom grew black on him when it was decided that he must miss the English winter, and Joseph Severn took him to Rome. The anguish of his parting, the terrible journey, tossed in the storm in a little sailing boat, the cold, comfortless winter months in Rome—who can read Severn's account without a pang? The noble, selfless devotion of Severn has a worthy remembrance in Sir Sidney Colvin's record of it. Keats had wished that his epitaph should be "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," and so it stands, a sad comment on flouted genius, among the violet-strewn turf of the English cemetery in Rome. To speculate on his future greatness had he lived is fruitless. We cherish the perfect pictures of high romance and beauty which he left us. Where is there a more graphic and piercing narrative of love and desolation than "Isabella, or The Pot of Basil"?

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze.

Never has romance opened with lines more exact in fidelity to frozen nature, dumb, inarticulate.

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beesman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

So it opens and tells the delicious tale of Madeline and young Porphyro. It is the very height of gallant romance and mediæval mystery.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

It is said often that Keats is too passionate and sensuous, and "swoons" in beauty and is haunted by "white arms," etc. What trivial blemishes these are in the complete genius that so quickly budded and flowered. Before his devoted friends realised it the sudden gust of death had withered that perfection. Still on his pages the colours glow fresh, and the sweet images make the heart thrill. There "in the very temple of Delight" stands his altar and he the high priest of Beauty "for ever piping songs for ever new."

REVERIE

The seagulls skim so white, so high—
Like feathers blown against the sky.
The world is bright, it seems to me,
With sunshine, by the Devon sea.

But "Over There," against the blue,
Great shining birds are flying too—
The bombs roar down with blasting breath—
The world grows dark with pain and death.

And we who love the sea and birds
Look on with grief which finds no words.
We pray to One to heal our pain
And make this sick world whole again.

JANET READ.

CORRESPONDENCE

PERCHERON HORSES IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The writer of the article on Percheron horses wonders if farmers will take to them. It seems to be assumed that the introduction of these horses is quite a new departure. My memory may fail me, but I seem to recollect that years ago the late Major Stapylton started a Percheron Stud at Myton Hall near Boroughbridge, but that it did not "catch on," and this before Shires and Clydesdales had become so fashionable. Perhaps some reader will be able to say if I am correct.—G. R. CROFT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Another importation of first-class Percherons is being made and thirteen stallions and thirty-seven mares are to be brought over from France. About twenty gentlemen are now interested in the Percheron, and an English stud book is to be established and shows arranged. Mostly light horse breeders, those who have taken up the French grey, include such well known names in the horse world as Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Henry Overman, Sir Merrick Burrell, Sir Henry Hoare, and Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynston. Lord Lonsdale, who, as the result of the previous importation, has a small but excellent stud at Lowther Castle, where he intends making experiments by crossing with the thoroughbred, has now purchased four show mares and a stallion to add to it. The latter, Lagor, a six year old, was sold at a big price to go to America in 1914, but the outbreak of war kept him in France. One of the mares, Malaria, has won prizes at some of the large French shows, where competition was extremely keen. The gentlemen who are setting up Percheron studs and establishing a stud book are convinced that there is a great sphere of usefulness before the French horse in England, not only in the Army, but in agriculture and commerce. Their object is not to supplant but to supplement our British breeds and to render us less dependent on the foreigner for artillery horses in future wars. The coming of the Percheron will have the effect of rousing the supporters of some of our home breeds. It will put them on their mettle, with the result that once horse breeding settles down on normal lines, after the war, we shall have some purely English types evolved, pre-eminently suitable for artillery and Army transport. Hackney breeders claim that heavy specimens—old English roadster stamp—without extravagantly high action, make admirable gunners. Cleveland Bay men maintain that short-legged, thick, chunky members of this old Yorkshire breed cannot be beaten in the wheel of a field gun. Clydesdale supporters declare that their mares crossed with the thoroughbred produce just the horse the Army needs; while not a few of the old Regular officers of the R.H.A. assert that the Irish horse of heavy weight hunter type that used to horse their batteries in pre-war days could not be excelled for artillery work, being quite as strong and considerably faster and more enduring than the more carty animals used in the field batteries. In this connection it may be noted that while sires of the English hunter type have been very largely used by Continental military nations for the breeding of artillery and cavalry horses, they have been practically ignored in this country. The Italian Government, on the other hand, has shown a marked preference for the English hackney for this purpose, and for many years has purchased high class stallions. This year, notwithstanding high freights and risk of transport, its purchases have been as extensive as usual.—G. G. CARTER.

GERMAN PRISONERS AND RECLAMATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe that I am not overstating the facts when I say that there are thousands of German prisoners in this country who, to use a vulgarism, are eating their heads off—in other words, doing little or nothing towards paying for their keep. I hold that there should be no idle hands in these days. It is also a fact that there are thousands of acres of land in this country at present producing nothing of any value and with no prospect of any improvement in that respect, for the simple reason that no private individual could, as a commercial proposition, afford to pay for the necessary labour, at the current rate of wages, to do what would be necessary to bring the land into a proper state of cultivation. Why not bring the two together? Is there any valid reason why the Government should not undertake to do the work at so much per acre? The price would, of course, depend upon the nature of the land and the work which had to be done; much of it, in addition to grubbing, levelling, etc., would have to be drained. But I believe that large tracts could be found on which the owners would be willing to expend from £15 to £30 per acre if they could make a definite contract to have the work properly done. This could be repaid if necessary over a term of years. The prisoners would be doing something which would help to pay the interest in years to come on our War Loans. There would also, of course, be an increased rateable value. The difficulty of employing these men on the land now is that in few cases can more than two or three work together, which means a guard; I have frequently seen one soldier guarding this number, entailing a great waste of man-power and expense. If my suggestion were carried out there would be no difficulty about employing one or two hundred within a very small zone for months at a time, which would reduce the cost of guarding very materially. Any land cleared this winter might be planted with potatoes in the spring with every prospect of a good crop. I would undertake to find 100 acres of land (within a radius of half a mile) that would well repay this outlay. It could not be done in any other way on any terms, simply because men could not be found to do it. I think a great mistake will be made if this opportunity of increasing the food production of the country for all time be lost.—A. M. PILLNER.

LONDON MEMORIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you permit me to offer two queries for solution by the readers of COUNTRY LIFE: 1. Wheatley and Cunningham's "London, Past and Present" tells me that Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square, is so called from

Bulstrode Park, near Beaconsfield, Bucks, the seat of William Bentinck, created Earl of Portland by William III, to whom the property belonged on which Bulstrode Street was built. What was the origin of this name? 2. In March, 1857, William Roupell, aged twenty-six, was returned as M.P. for Lambeth, at the head of the poll, with 9,318 votes. On September 24th, 1862, he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to transportation for life at the age of thirty-one. His father, Richard Palmer Roupell, was a lead smelter in Gravel Lane, Southwark. These facts are set forth in William Harnett Blanch's "History of Camberwell and Lambeth." From whence did this family of Roupell come? Did the name originate in the Channel Islands?—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

TIMBER FOR FIREWOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I would be glad of any information as to the relative value of the different kinds of home-grown timber when used as firewood. It is generally reckoned that oak and beech are best, but I have been told by my employer that some other kinds, especially thorn, apple, yew and hazel, which we have in some quantity, are more satisfactory as giving out a greater and more lasting heat. It would be interesting and useful at a time like the present, when firing of all kinds is 50 per cent. higher in price than was the case three years ago, to have opinions as to the value of home-grown timbers as firewood, and I can find no reference to such in any book at hand. In this district of Kent faggots for fire-lighting are nearly double the price that they were before the war, while a cord of firewood has gone up in price about 5s.—FARM BAILIFF.

TO SPAIN FROM FINLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that on the 25th ult., when shooting wild duck at Ibars, near Lerida, Spain, Mr. Jose M. Ribalta of Barcelona killed a small dark duck about the size of a teal which had a ring attached to its leg with the inscription:

J A Palmén
Helsingfors
Finland c 1904

—THOMAS CINNAMOND AND SONS.

A MILITANT HEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following true story may interest your readers: It was wet and stormy, a couple of hours after midnight. The amateur gardener was awakened from his slumbers by a boisterous cackling proceeding from his cabbage-patch. Visions of the young plants which he had raised with so much patience and enthusiasm being gobbled up haunted him—but he had a dog, and the dog was loose. So he composed himself, turned over and dreamt of a rich repast of roast chickens—a very acceptable exchange. Rising with the sun next morning, he proceeded to view the result of the marauders' visit. The ground was strewn with feathers, but no dog rushed to greet him. He looked into the kennel. A partially defeathered fowl dozing comfortably in the straw drew her head from under her wing and peered out at him. Walking round the garden he at last espied his dog behind a bundle of peasticks, looking very much hen-pecked, wet and foolish. The hen had evidently manoeuvred so as to get into a strong position of defence.—E. JONES.

THE MATOPPO HILLS: A MEMORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was shortly after a visit to the Matoppos Hills that I saw "Dr. Jim" surrounded by his faithful coterie of friends at breakfast one morning at the celebrated private Hotel at Kimberley that was built for the members of that famous South African group of which he and Mr. Cecil Rhodes were the leading stars. How vivacious and full of energetic vitality he seemed at that early hour of a bright African morning! How eagerly was his conversation listened to by the friends at his table, and how punctilious were the smart English waiters to forestall his every want! A "leader of men" surrounded by all that was good, yet he had a simple purposeful appearance that gave one the impression of a man who would be entirely indifferent to mere personal comfort if it were necessary. And now this notable man's grave on the Matoppos Hills will be near the spot where his friend, Cecil Rhodes, lies. As one stands by the slab that bears that name on those strange African hills, one would imagine the whole surrounding country was one vast sea of boulders—of all shapes and sizes they lie around one—giants' playthings, perhaps, of a bygone age, for their rounded surfaces remind one of great marbles heaped together by giant force and then forgotten. One sees nothing else as one looks to the horizon, and yet the approach to the hills from Buluwayo is over typical grass-grown and wind-swept veldt, but of which nothing is visible from this height. It is a fascinating run by automobile from Buluwayo to the Matoppos. Formerly it was a two days' trek by bullock waggon, but the strong little De Dion car we chartered took us there and back comfortably in the day. Many a deep dip and watercourse had to be negotiated; a fairly fast run down a carried one through the stream and up the opposite bank. We had no mishap on the rutty track, and the warm, dry African wind blew in our faces, counteracting the heat of the sun. Rhodesia all speaks of Cecil Rhodes. Near the Hills is a great natural parkland that he loved and had enclosed for various species of antelope to live in. In a great lake in this district were some tamed hippopotami. Sir Starr Jameson has passed away amid the turmoil of this terrible world war; one might think that his last resting place on this lonely Rhodesian veldt would be free from any reminder of the strife of men, but it is not so, as on these very hills, guarded by a native, is a beautiful monument with bronze reliefs to the sacred memory of those troops who died fighting for the country in the Matabele War. It is a fitting place for these two great African leaders to rest in—"Requiescat in Pace."—H. A.C. PENRUDDOCKE.

ASLEEP OR AWAKE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a few ducks showing some of their peculiarities. It was taken on an exceptionally cold morning in early winter. Here you see the ducks with their heads and beaks securely hidden in the feathers under their wings and having neither legs nor heads accessible to the biting wind and cold. Two of them are standing on one leg with the other curled up out of sight underneath their bodies. It almost looks as though these two go to sleep on one leg, for their heads are buried in the feathers like the other three. When they hide their heads in this way they may possibly think they are out of everybody's reach, as the ostriches do when they hide their heads in the sand to avoid their enemies. The ducks certainly look very comfortable and may remain in this position the whole night through.—WILLIAM SUGDEN.



HOW THE DUCKS BRAVE COLD WEATHER.

of milk per day when in profits. Lately there has been a great demand for goats, and little wonder, as if the goat is tethered out on any waste land, only a rough shed is required so that it can take shelter when raining or at night. It will repay the owner to feed it well, if a large amount of milk is required; the goat's milk is, of course, much richer than that of cows.—CAPRICORNUS.

A CURIOSITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a fruit tree which may be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE.



A STRANGE GOOSEBERRY BUSH.

It is of a gooseberry tree growing in the garden of Dr. R. J. Collins, Dulverton. The seed was sown by a bird in the stump of a tree between twenty and thirty years ago. In process of time the stump decayed, and it was then discovered that the stem had passed through the stump and the tree had rooted into the ground. Where the bend is visible in the stem, near the top, is where it sprang from the stump. It somewhat resembles a standard rose tree. It has borne good fruit for the last uncommon growth-history, though gooseberry seeds seem prone to sprout in unlikely places.—L. COUPER.

It has borne good fruit for the last uncommon growth-history, though gooseberry seeds seem prone to sprout in unlikely places.—L. COUPER.

BRIDGE CHAPELS IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be most grateful if you will find out for me through your esteemed pages the following information: If there are other Bridge Chapels still standing besides those at Wakefield, Rotherham, St. Ives, Derby, Salisbury, and Bradford-on-Avon.—W. A. BULLER.

GOAT-KEEPING IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The goats depicted in the photographs are from the famous herd belonging to Mrs. Straker of The Leazes, Hexham, who for many years has bred goats with the purpose of improving their milking qualities, and has succeeded in winning many prizes both with her pure Toggenburg and Swiss cross-breeds. At the present time she owns several goats that give a gallon



A FAMOUS HERD OF GOATS.

AN ECHO OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Brazil now being an Ally, this photograph of one of its inhabitants should be interesting. She was once a slave. She is (she says) a pure African and remembers coming over in a sailing vessel when a little girl with her parents, who had been captured with so many others on the West Coast of Africa. She is very, very old, is bent nearly double, and walks with a stick. She goes round now begging at the planters' houses.—D. JOBSON.

"HOW TO AVOID FAMINE."

[TO THE EDITOR]

SIR,—The article with this caption in your aviation number suggests a simple means whereby the scarcity of potatoes in town may be relieved. There are many hundreds of military lorries daily passing along all the main roads—empty—mostly, it is understood, going to be "inspected." It is currently reported that some factories have discharged many workmen because the Government has more lorries than it needs. In many parts of London one can see great numbers of these lorries standing idle, day after day. Why cannot a simple organisation be instituted whereby these lorries could pick up loads of potatoes and other produce and transport them to London, with but a few hours' delay, at next to no cost?—A. J. WILSON.



ONCE A SLAVE.

BURIED EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember two instances in which eggs buried for an indefinite time were, when found, quite fresh and usable. One instance was where fowl had laid away in an old rabbit burrow in a hedge, and the eggs had been deeply covered by wind-blown sand assisted by the scratchings of the birds themselves. When found after a year or more and tested by breaking into a basin they were sweet, with only a slightly stale smell, and no doubt the firm sand had acted as a preservative. The second case was where fowls had laid away in the bay of an outbuilding used as a "chaff" repository. In the chaff were found some scores of eggs, all of which were quite usable, though the probability was that some of them were one or two years old. The dry chaff had doubtless kept them in a sound condition.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE